Stay Overnight in a Mountaintop Observatory

arizonahighways.com MAY 2004

Arizona Highways

Enjoy Outdoor Prescott

by trail or back road

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS
MAY 2004

[THIS PAGE] Grapevine Mesa in far northwestern Arizona glows in late-afternoon light behind the otherworldly silhouettes of a group of Joshua trees, one of the signature plants of the state's western desert regions. See story, page 14. RANDY PRENTICE
[FRONT COVER] Grapevine Creek's perennial flow drops 2,400 feet in elevation within central Arizona's Prescott National Forest, creating a variety of waterfalls along its way. A haven for birds and Arizona alder trees, its surroundings in Grapevine Canyon provide hikers or mountain-bikers a unique riparian experience. For more about this "Canyon for all Seasons," see the story beginning on page 6. BERNADETTE HEATH
[BACK COVER] A sea of foxtails grows beside the shore of Lynx Lake in Prescott National Forest. See story, page 48. GEORGE STOCKING

{also inside}

{more stories online}
at arizonahighways.com

GENE PERRET'S WIT STOP
Like I say, if you're looking for Queen Kweek Woad, you'll find it just a bit southeast of Foenicks.

ONLINE EXTRA
Place Names Have Odd Beginnings
Big Rump, Total Wreck and Greenback Valley — what were those folks thinking when they named some of Arizona's interesting places?

WEEKEND GETAWAY
Benson and Kartchner Caverns
From constellations to caverns, a trip to southern Arizona features stargazing at Skywatcher's Inn, birding along the San Pedro River, browsing for books at the Singing Wind Bookshop and a visit to the glittering caves at Kartchner Caverns State Park.

EXPERIENCE ARIZONA
Re-enactments and a mountain-man black-powder shoot at a rendezvous in Williams, and mock gunfights plus a chili cook-off in Tombstone are among the fun events around Arizona during May.

December Issue

Your December 2003 issue was the best ever! I cannot get to Arizona often enough, and the stories about the Grand Canyon were well worth the price of the magazine.

Bill Garrison, Tuttle, OK

What a disappointment! In the 70-plus years of my life, the December issue of *Arizona Highways* has always been part of the Christmas tradition. Last week as I rotated magazines, I thought, *Oh, I wonder when the Christmas* Highways *will get here to brighten this gloomy November weather in Ohio?* Well, the December 2003 issue came and brightened nothing. Most pictures are misty or foggy. Nothing bright or sunny. Bright or sunny is Christmas for those of us who grew up in Arizona.

Carroll Peebles, Loveland, OH

Every month I await the arrival of your magazine with a mixture of anticipation and dread. Anticipation because of the beautiful photographs and the interesting articles your magazine contains, and dread because of the homesickness I know each issue will provoke. My family and I lived on the Grand Canyon's South Rim for seven years, as well as a short time in Tucson. You outdid yourself with the amazing photographs of the Grand Canyon in your December 2003 issue, and also drove a knife of homesickness right through my heart.

Mark J. Miller, Lynden, WA

For years I've wanted — prayed — to see the Grand Canyon. With this issue, I believe I'm seeing the Canyon as close-up as if I actually were there.

Margaret Jean Carmichael, Hopkins, MN

Your December 2003 issue is the best ever. When I first saw articles about orchid cacti in your magazine in the 1940s, I thought that you would soon run out of material and have to close down. How wrong I was!

Wayne Griggs, Colfax, NC

Visiting Snowflake

I enjoyed your recent article on the town of Snowflake ("Christmas in Snowflake," December '03). It brought back fond memories. I was in the University of Arizona band in the spring of 1951 when we toured the state. We did a concert in Snowflake, and then stayed overnight in local homes. My friend and I stayed with Mr. Snow, grandson of one of the founders of the town. We had a delicious venison steak — for breakfast!

Jim Ostle, Collinsville, IL

Urban Areas

To the disappointed folks from Fort Bragg, California ("Letters & E-mail," December '03, about the crowded urban areas), I would suggest that they totally avoid Phoenix, and anywhere on an interstate highway. Visit Alpine, Payson (the Mogollon Rim), Williams, Flagstaff or even Tucson.

We have loved and visited Arizona for more than 40 years. From the deserts to the forested green mountains of northern and eastern Arizona, there is much to see and love.

Wayne and Evalyn Dennis, Corpus Christi, TX

Harvey Butchart

I was pleased to read Craig Childs' December 2003 article "Below the Rim," and the references to my friend of almost 40 years, Harvey Butchart. I hiked quite often with Harvey, and it was Harvey who introduced me to the art of running the river on an air mattress. My friends and I made many such runs during the 10 years prior to 1970, at which time the Park Service caught on to us.

Bill Mooz, Santa Monica, CA

I greatly enjoyed the article "Below the Rim" and its references to Dr. Harvey Butchart. I first met Butchart almost 40 years ago when I was a high school student in a National Science Foundation summer math program at Northern Arizona University. He met us at the airport, and to my mistaken 16-year-old eyes, I thought he looked too thin, small and weathered to carry my suitcase for me. As the summer went on and he led us (well, he ran ahead while we eagerly tried to catch up) on fantastic hikes in the canyons and mountains, I realized I had totally misjudged him.

Butchart became one of my most admired and most unforgettable characters. I was glad to hear he had a long life, and I pray that his heaven is not wispy clouds but exciting canyons, chess games and math puzzles.

Janet Montoya, Salt Lake City, UT

Arizona Highways Goes to Television

Each Saturday, a half-hour television show that takes its cue from *Arizona Highways* magazine, will air in both English and Spanish in Arizona. The TV shows, produced independently, will cover the same topics readers enjoy in the magazine, especially unique Arizona adventures and places off the beaten path.

The programs will air in English at 6:30 P.M. Saturdays on Channel 12 in Phoenix and Channel 2 in Flagstaff and at 4:30 P.M. Sundays. The Spanish broadcasts are at 10:30 A.M. Saturdays on Channel 33 in Phoenix, Channel 52 in Tucson and Channel 13 in Flagstaff.

Robin Sewell, former news anchor for Channel 15 in Phoenix, will host the show.

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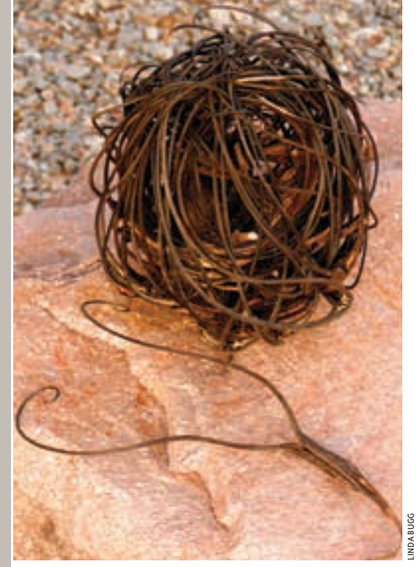


LINDA BUGG

Where'd You Get That Hat?

Nobody but the devil could wear this hat, a collection of lines and space rolled into a black ball and placed high on a shelf at the Tohono Chul Park gift shop in northwest Tucson.

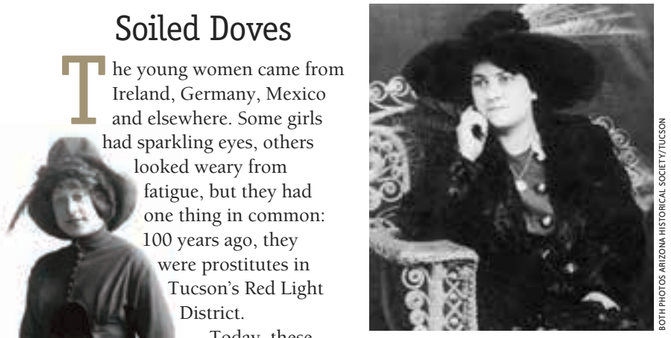
According to shop manager Linda Wolf, "What the heck is this?" seems to be the general reaction to the item known as a devil's claw hat with the $30-and-up price tag. The answer can be found in the ancient history of Arizona, in the baskets of the native Tohono O'odham Indians.

The devil's claw plant, growing in the washes and floodplains of the desert, has pods with long, slender extensions ending in hooks. These extensions provide the fiber for the black designs within the prized O'odham basketry. They can be hooked together into a ball for storage, the ball itself taking on a kind of artistry.

The devil's claw hats at Tohono Chul began with seeds given to grounds curator Ross Burroughs by an O'odham basket weaver. Groundskeepers weave the balls for the shop, four or five a year. Should you wish a one-of-a-kind chapeau, or just want a look at both the plants and the results, visit Tohono Chul Park, 7366 N. Paseo del Norte, Tucson.

Information: (520) 742-6455.

Soiled Doves



BOTH PHOTOS ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY/TUCSON

The young women came from Ireland, Germany, Mexico and elsewhere. Some girls had sparkling eyes, others looked weary from fatigue, but they had one thing in common: 100 years ago, they were prostitutes in Tucson's Red Light District.

Today, these women's faces are immortalized in photos on walls of a back room in Tucson's Sosa-Carrillo-Fremont House, a branch of the Arizona Historical Society. One photo captures a woman dressed in a neck-high white blouse, black suit and gloves preparing to go into town. Another shows a girl shading her face from the sun near a house.

Along with photos, the exhibit "Soiled Doves" includes district maps and a census listing information about each prostitute.

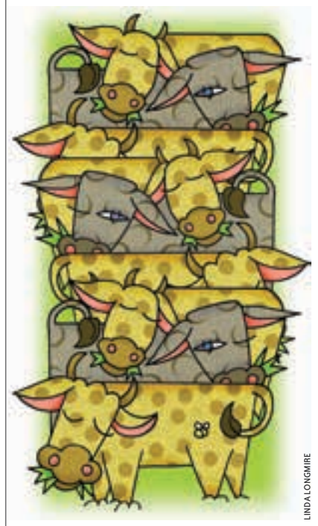
The exhibit runs through this month. The museum also houses period furniture and family portraits in bedrooms and the parlor.

Information: (520) 622-0956.

Countin' Cows

In 1920, the beef population of Arizona hit its highest point at 1,600,000 head. Today, cattle still roam, but the beef-on-the-hoof inventory now stands at 850,000.

For those who would hate to think the Arizona ranching way of life and legend has no place to go but out-of-state, Doc Lane, director of resources for the Arizona Cattlemen's Association, has some good news.



LINDA LONGMIRE

Says Lane of the difference more than 80 years can make: "The number of ranches doesn't really change, and the amount of land used for ranching really doesn't change much."

For a view of Arizona ranch land, Lane recommends a drive through southeastern Arizona and the town of Willcox, then around the north end of Bonita and straight up to Safford. Then you can head north and turn west across the top of the state. From desert landscape to hill country, you'll see the land that made cattle, along with copper and cotton, one of the three "C's" of Arizona economy through much of the 20th century. You will also see some mighty pretty country.

THIS MONTH IN ARIZONA

1864
The **temporary seat of Territorial government** moves from Fort Whipple to its permanent location in **Prescott**.

1867
Congress gives the western section of **Pah-Ute County to Nevada**. The remaining portion is returned to Mohave County.

1905
Greer and St. Johns dams collapse and flood **St. Johns valley**.

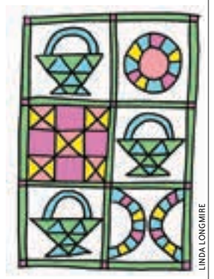
1909
An Arizona court **dismisses** a 22-year-old **murder indictment** against **Geronimo**, who had been removed to Oklahoma upon his surrender in 1886.

1910
The grand opening of Tucson-West Coast Mexico Railway sparks a giant **Cinco de Mayo celebration** in Tucson.

The **Parker** townsite **sells 1,000 lots** in one day.

Pima County supervisors rule that **licenses will be denied to saloons** in mining camps **lacking law enforcement**.

1912
The Legislature resolves to provide **free textbooks** for public schools.



LINDA LONGMIRE

Stitches in Time

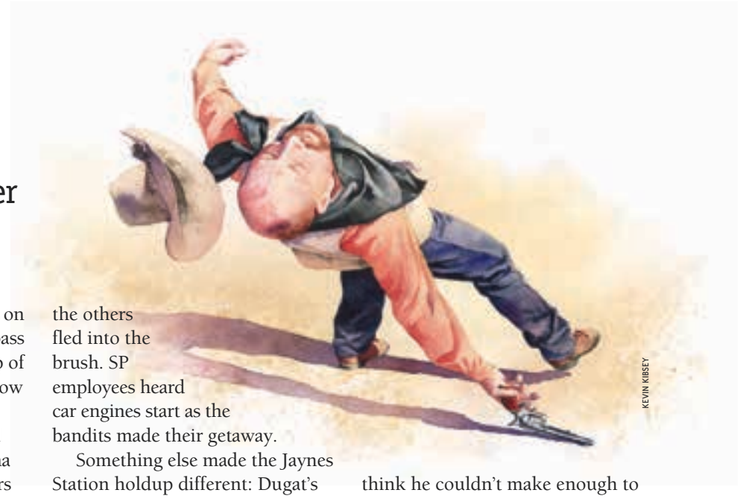
Ever wondered about the story behind that quilt made by your great-great-grandma?

The Heritage Quilt Study Group at Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott invites you to take old quilts to the museum for documentation. Experts photograph the quilt, give approximate age, type of material, number of stitches per inch and record its history. No appraisal value is given.

The group also assists with the quilt archives, where donated quilts are preserved in an acid-free environment. Group members give quilting demonstrations at the museum every Tuesday.

Information: (928) 445-3122; www.sharlot.org.

'Honorable' Robber Paid the Ultimate Price



KEVIN KIBSEY

Today, thousands of drivers on Tucson's northwest side pass Jaynes Station, an old stop of the Southern Pacific Railroad, now merged with Union Pacific. Unaware that the last attempted train holdup in southern Arizona occurred near there, most drivers hurry past the site, which is near Interstate 10 and the railroad tracks and is still used by the railroad as a reference point.

On May 15, 1922, six bandits wearing black masks stopped a train and attempted to blow up the express box. But gang leader Tom Dugat was quickly shot dead, and the others fled into the brush. SP employees heard car engines start as the bandits made their getaway.

Something else made the Jaynes Station holdup different: Dugat's motive. He'd been sick and unable to make enough money as a goat rancher to support his wife, who was forced to work. She told the *Arizona Daily Star* that Tom was an honorable man who'd undergone two operations and suffered terrible head pains.

"It was driving him mad to think he couldn't make enough to support me or our little Corinne," she said. "He was prepared to make the supreme sacrifice so I could quit the work. . . . Whatever he set his mind to, he'd carry on to the end. This time he had set his mind to free me from doing this work. The end was death, and he met it for my sake."

Charcoal Kiln Survives After 100 Years

A large stone charcoal kiln nestled in the ponderosa pine forest southeast of Prescott remains in good condition after more than 100 years.

Built in the 1800s by two brothers, Jake and Joe Carmichael, the beehive-shaped kiln standing about 20 feet tall was used to convert wood into charcoal for use at the nearby Walker Townsite smelter. Sadly, the kiln was so successful that the surrounding forest for miles around was stripped of its pines, and the timbers were used for mine props or made into charcoal.

The forest today is relatively new regrowth and is only just now becoming a productive forest. The miners have gone, but their presence can still be felt in the shadow of the Sierra Prieta and Bradshaw mountains. Many back roads reveal relics from the past that have survived the onslaught of time.

DEBS METZONG

From Prescott, drive 4 miles east on State Route 69, then head south 6.5 miles on Walker Road, also County Road 57. Turn left onto Big Bug Mesa Road or Forest Service Road 670 at the sign "Walker Townsite," and follow signs about a half-mile to the parking area. An unmarked trail heads west from the lot entrance, and it's just a few minutes' walk to the kiln.

PETER NOTEBELS

Dining With Tucson Fliers

In 1940, Ryan Airfield was busy with fresh-faced young men training as pilots for the Army Air Corps in Tucson's clear blue skies. Now it is a popular general aviation airport that anyone can drop into, and breakfast or lunch at Todds at Ryan Airfield are reasons enough to head there—whether you're flying or driving.

Serving deli favorites with a Southwestern flare, Todds uses local cactus and desert products to enhance its made-to-order menu. Regional chiles spice the homemade salsa, and bowls full of fresh ingredients give unique flavors to familiar choices. To drink, try Todds Red Tea made with syrup of prickly pear cactus.

Information: (520) 883-7770.

Goodyear's Bible Museum Has Rare Editions on Exhibit

In 1382, Oxford theologian John Wycliffe made history, penning the first Bible handwritten in the English language. Wycliffe, who was also the inventor of bifocal eyeglasses, argued against the platform of the Roman Catholic Church and, as such, was known as the "Morning Star of the Reformation," even though the movement wouldn't actually begin for another 200 years. His arguments so enraged the church fathers that the Pope had Wycliffe's remains exhumed and burned 44 years after the theologian's death.

Some of Wycliffe's Bibles still circulate today and are among the most sought-out religious texts. But you don't have to travel to Britain to see these rare documents. A few of Wycliffe's manuscripts can be seen at the Forbidden Book Bible Museum in Goodyear.

The oldest text at the museum is a complete New Testament translated by Wycliffe in 1392—an item that commands a price tag of $2 million. The unusual antiquarian Bible Museum—hosted by Jonathan Byrd's Rare Books and Bibles, the world's largest dealer of rare and antique Bibles, Bible leaves and ancient theology books—displays six centuries of English Bibles.

BOB SCHATZ

The Hunne Bible, circa 1410

Some of the rare Bibles in the changing exhibit include a 1663 Eliot Bible, printed in a phonetic rendering of the Algonquin Indian language by evangelist John Eliot, and a leaf from the Old Testament in a Gutenberg Bible, the first major book printed in Europe in 1454-1455. The Bible was printed in Mainz, Germany, by the inventor of the mechanized printing press, Johannes Gutenberg, in an edition of 180 illegal copies.

The Bible Museum, located in the Hampton Inn and Suites, is open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and the vault is open by appointment.

Information: (623) 536-8614; www.greatsite.com.

LIFE IN ARIZONA 1930s

Hoover Dam's Mascot Keeps Eternal Watch

He always had a weak stomach, and, apparently, never had a name. But the men who built Hoover Dam during the Great Depression loved a stray black dog so much, they gave him his own bank account. According to dam records, someone found the abandoned pooch under a workman's dormitory in Boulder City in 1931, and before long, many of them were sharing their own meager lunches with him.

BOULDER CITY MUSEUM AND HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Always eager to please, the dog overate and became sick, so his worried masters made arrangements to have his meals fixed only by the mess hall. Soon he, too, went to work every day aboard the dam transport bus, carrying his very own lunch sack in his mouth. His job? To enforce the "No Dogs Allowed" rule, of course.

In spite of the fact that the men worked seven days a week and were paid in scrip rather than cash, they contributed to their mascot's keep, and eventually the commissary manager opened a bank account in the dog's name to pay for food, licenses and other needs.

For about 10 years, the dog rode to work every day with his friends, dropping his lunch sack in line alongside the others. When the lunch whistle blew, he'd run to his sack and wait patiently for someone to open it for him.

One day, he climbed under a truck to catch some shade and a snooze. The driver realized too late that the dog was there, and some claim that as word of the mascot's death spread, Boulder City experienced the quietest afternoon ever. Tough construction workers wept openly. That same day, workers jackhammered a dog-sized grave into the rock at the dam site so he could look forever over the dam he loved.

LINDA LONGMIRE

Question of the Month

Q What is **caliche** and what's it doing in my back yard?

A Caliche is limestone mixed with clay. It forms a **nearly impermeable layer** at variable depths beneath the soil surface and **affects planting and drainage**. It's bad news when a contractor hits caliche while digging a swimming pool. That's when the schedule slows down and the price goes up.

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A CANYON FOR ALL SEASONS

Along Grapevine Creek, champion trees and birds flourish in splendor

Text by Norm Tessman Photographs by Bernadette Heath

By midwinter, the big waterfall on Grapevine Creek had frozen solid. Imagine a giant icicle overhanging 50 feet of cliff and spreading out on the creek bed far below. Seeing it, you could almost imagine that the dynamic falls had been frozen instantly — like a cataract stopped in place by a fast camera shutter. But I am sure it built up slowly as the days turned shorter and colder — growing drop by freezing drop like an icy stalactite.

I've never seen the Grapevine waterfall running with snowmelt, but I certainly intend to. It must be awesome — a deafening roar as water pounds onto the rocks below. Over time, this explosive impact has undercut the cliff's base. In winter, it is possible to ease behind the frozen falls into this little rock shelter. There, camera on tripod, you photograph bright blue sky through cracks in the tons of ice.

The falls, whether alive with whitewater or frozen by winter, are just one of the delights of Grapevine Canyon. Record-sized trees, autumn colors, abundant wildlife, a perennial creek flowing from at least a dozen springs and a hint of early human history all add to its appeal. Seasonal migrating birds and wildflowers offer other attractions. The canyon's wildness, its isolation from the development all around, intrigues me and continues to bring me back.

The drainage that becomes Grapevine Canyon begins at 7,000 feet atop Big Bug Mesa on the eastern side of central Arizona's Bradshaw Mountains south of Prescott. Its springs are charged with water percolating down through the mesa's rock layers.

The next drainage north of Grapevine is Big Bug Creek — named in 1863 for the 4-inch water beetles patrolling its ponds. Compared to Grapevine, the banks of Big Bug have seen considerable development — mining, an early 20th-century steam railroad and a settlement once called Poland, known today as Breezy Pines.

Grapevine Canyon's steep walls sandwich a wide variety of spectacularly large trees. As you climb, juniper and Arizona ashes give way to boxelders, Arizona walnuts, white oaks, alders and innumerable ponderosa pines. Higher grow Douglas firs, white firs and a pocket of aspens. Visitors may see deer, javelinas and bear tracks.

The canyon is a bird-watcher's paradise. Perennial drinking water and the abrupt elevation change from 4,600 to nearly 7,000 feet attract a wide variety of birds. Dr. Carl Tomoff of the Prescott Audubon Society thinks some neotropical birds may breed there, and that many northern species stop for water and rest on their annual migration.

Winter hikers see Grapevine's dozen perennial springs frozen into ice sculptures. One January day, hiker Mike Hallen had soloed far up the creek's left fork and confirmed that there truly was a waterfall — but now it was frozen solid.

In mid-February, I joined photographer Bernadette Heath's hiking party at Forest Service Road 87A off State Route 69. We followed the unimproved road along the lower creek to a parking spot and turnaround. We hiked well-defined Forest Trail 4 up Grapevine Creek.

As the canyon steepened, Heath noted, "The trees become noticeably long and lean as they reach for the sun." Dropping into the creek bed, Hallen and Bob Kraus gleefully pointed out two massive alders with tops disappearing among the maze of bare branches above us. One of the alders has been deemed the largest recorded Arizona alder. Hallen and Kraus regularly compete in tracking down the largest specimen of each Arizona tree species (see "The Big Tree Hunt," *Arizona Highways*, February 2000). And near the giant alders grew at least four large white-barked aspens,

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 6 AND 7] Photographed from behind in mid-February, a massive waterfall of solid ice hangs like a curtain over a ledge along Grapevine Creek in central Arizona's Prescott National Forest. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Even as a rivulet splashing down moss-covered rocks, the creek produces dramatic effects. [BELOW] Appearing like foamy suds, tufts of snow lie at the icy base of a Grapevine Creek waterfall that stands, in contrast, more like melted candles.

perhaps the only aspens on the eastern side of the Bradshaw Mountains.

Along the creek, we found evidence of early mining: rusted gears on a thick shaft, and long segments of antique iron pipe manufactured by winding and riveting iron strips around a mandrel. I've been told the pipe carried water from Grapevine Springs south to Mayer — some 6 miles. Probably the pipeline also served Curtiss, a small community where Grapevine joins Big Bug Creek. In 1891, Curtiss had enough residents to warrant a post office, but it closed in 1895 and anybody left had to pick up their mail at Big Bug. Nothing remains at Curtiss today.

About 2 miles north of the parking area, Forest Trail 4 skirts a fenced 5-acre area — a Prescott National Forest test plot to study grazing's impact on the creek's riparian flanks. In 1997, 800 acres of the upper canyon were designated the Grapevine Botanical Area for its "exemplary scientific values" and "distinctive plant community." This action closed Grapevine Canyon to mountain biking, grazing, overnight camping, woodcutting, and off-road vehicles.

Prescott National Forest biologist Noel Fletcher says that besides its perennial springs, Grapevine Creek's uniqueness lies with its predominantly Arizona walnut and Arizona alder tree community — without the cottonwoods, sycamores and willows typical of most central Arizona canyons — more like streams above the Mogollon Rim. Depending on the season, Grapevine's east-west orientation limits direct sunlight to one or the other of its walls. Normally higher-altitude firs and aspens can be found below 5,600 feet because cold air sinks into the steep canyon.

Past the fenced plot, the trail drops into the streambed to wander back and forth across the creek. After passing a spring on the west bank, the trail reaches a fork. We turned left, passing several more springs, and the trail became indistinct and overgrown with alder saplings. Hallen, who had been there before, led us up to the level of the waterfall.

Later, after photographing the frozen waterfall, we hiked toward our vehicles. Overwhelmed by the canyon's beauty, everyone expressed ethical concerns: Should we tell other hikers about this almost too-good-to-be-true wilderness?

The answer came the following weekend. Heath, Hallen and I returned to Grapevine to find that tree poachers had been at work. We backtracked a rough drag mark and off-road vehicle tracks to a freshly cut stump, sawdust and severed branches. These were the remains of a huge alligator juniper, the largest in its stand. The cutting of live trees is illegal in national forests, and the Grapevine Botanical Area is closed to all woodcutting. But the canyon is so isolated that many old junipers and oaks have been lost to the outlaw firewood trade.

Standing over that stump, we resolved whatever ethical qualms we felt about publicizing Grapevine Canyon. Hikers could never damage the riparian growth as the tree rustlers had done. Noel Fletcher said hikers are not to act as police officers, but if they see woodcutting in Grapevine, they should report it to the Prescott National Forest office.

To the right of Grapevine Canyon's big waterfall, the hint of a trail climbs toward Big Bug Mesa. After four hikes centered on Grapevine's main Forest Trail 4, I wondered if a loop hike might be possible. If the route above the falls climbed to the top of Big Bug Mesa, it should intersect Forest Service Road 103. Following the road to the south, a hiker could scramble down the mesa's end to Trail 304, and return to Forest Trail 4 just above the trailhead parking area.

This ambitious plan covered 10 miles and 2,500 feet each of climbing and descent. The trail appeared indistinct to nonexistent, so it would require both map-reading and route-finding skills.

ON MEMORIAL DAY, I met Prescott hikers Mike Wurtz and Derrick Brownlee near the intersection of County Road 58 and Forest Service Road 261. To the west, the skyline was dominated by Mount Union, the highest peak in the Bradshaw Mountains. Between that peak and Big Bug Mesa, the trees are

[ABOVE] Prickly chaparral gives texture to the rolling hills of the Prescott National Forest near Grapevine Creek.
[OPPOSITE PAGE] Saffron with autumn's fallen leaves, the creek banks' riparian plant community includes this gnarled boxelder tree.

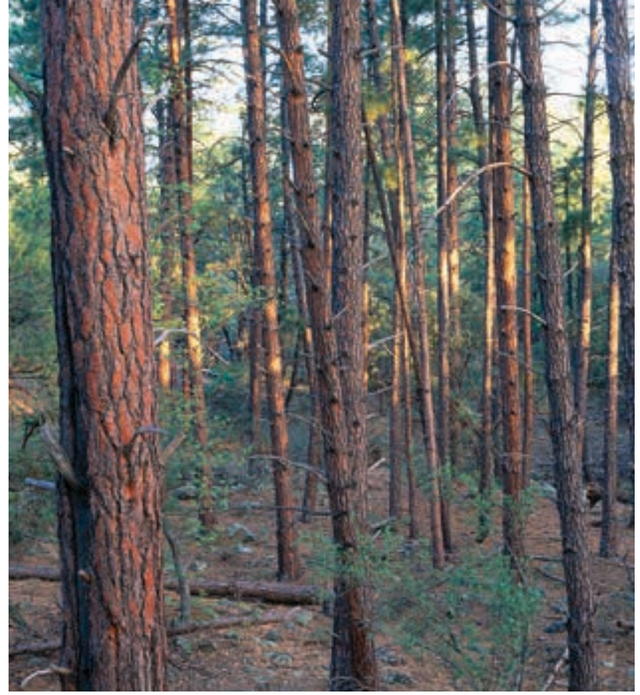
still blackened by the 1972 Battle Flat Fire.

After following rocky FR103 onto Big Bug Mesa, we parked and unloaded our mountain bikes. Outside the boundary of Grapevine Botanical Area, bicycles are legal. We hoped to confirm one leg of the hiking loop — from the junction of FR 103 and Grapevine drainage down to the waterfall — and found an older map showing such a trail.

High-clearance vehicles had gouged axle-deep ruts in the road during past wet seasons. Others, detouring the deepest of these, had carved more obstacles. In this dry season, we peddled our bikes between the worst. Wurtz's middle-aged part-Malamute, Escher, bounced beside us like a puppy. Wurtz assured us that the happy dog would be fine so long as he had an occasional drink. Using the topographic map, we located Grapevine's drainage, hid our bikes and followed an ephemeral trail that faded and reappeared.

After about two hours, we reached the waterfall, barely trickling in the early summer's heat. Wurtz submerged Escher in a deep pool, massaging water into his thick fur. After resting, we retraced our steps — Escher in the lead — to our bikes and back to the vehicles. The three of us agreed that a Grapevine-Big Bug Mesa-Grapevine loop might be possible, but only for truly strong and competent hikers.

THAT AUTUMN, a dry year, Grapevine's October foliage extravaganza was not quite as brilliant as the year before. Mike Hallen described the boxelders as "gold," the Virginia creeper "bright red," the Gambel oak "nice red brown," and he raved about the lower canyon's "glow-in-the-dark-yellow" Arizona ash.



[LEFT] Sunlight plays on boxelders' spring foliage against a dense forest backdrop.
[ABOVE] Ponderosa pine tree needles blanket the Prescott National Forest floor near Grapevine Creek.

It's not hard to see why Grapevine Canyon wins my nomination as the Bradshaw Mountains' "Canyon for all Seasons." Admittedly, I'm still waiting to see the big waterfall in full flow. If next winter brings adequate snowfall, I'll be there when it melts.

ADDITIONAL READING: For more Prescott activities, see "Back Road Adventure" on page 42 and "Hike of the Month" on page 48.

Norm Tessman recently retired from the Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott and hopes to spend more time working to protect Arizona's remaining wilderness.

Star Valley resident Bernadette Heath would like to see Grapevine Creek protected and preserved for the next generation to enjoy.

when you go

LOCATION: Approximately 25 miles south of Prescott.
GETTING THERE: Follow State route 69 south from Prescott. A few miles past Poland turn right onto Forest Road 87A, a dirt road heading west. Continue on FR 87A, which curves northwest and then drops south, until you drive through a closed-but-not-locked gate and on to a parking area and the trailhead.
TRAVEL ADVISORY: A Prescott National Forest map is recommended to reach the trailhead and can be purchased in Prescott at the Forest Service office or in Phoenix at the Public Lands Information Center, (602) 417-9556.
WARNING: Much of 87A is unimproved, rocky, brushy and passable only by high-clearance vehicles. Always carry plenty of water when traveling or hiking in Arizona's backcountry.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Prescott National Forest, Bradshaw Ranger District, (928) 443-8000; Tonto National Forest, (602) 225-5200.

Arizona's Four Untamed Corners

by Gregory McNamee

A Portfolio

NW

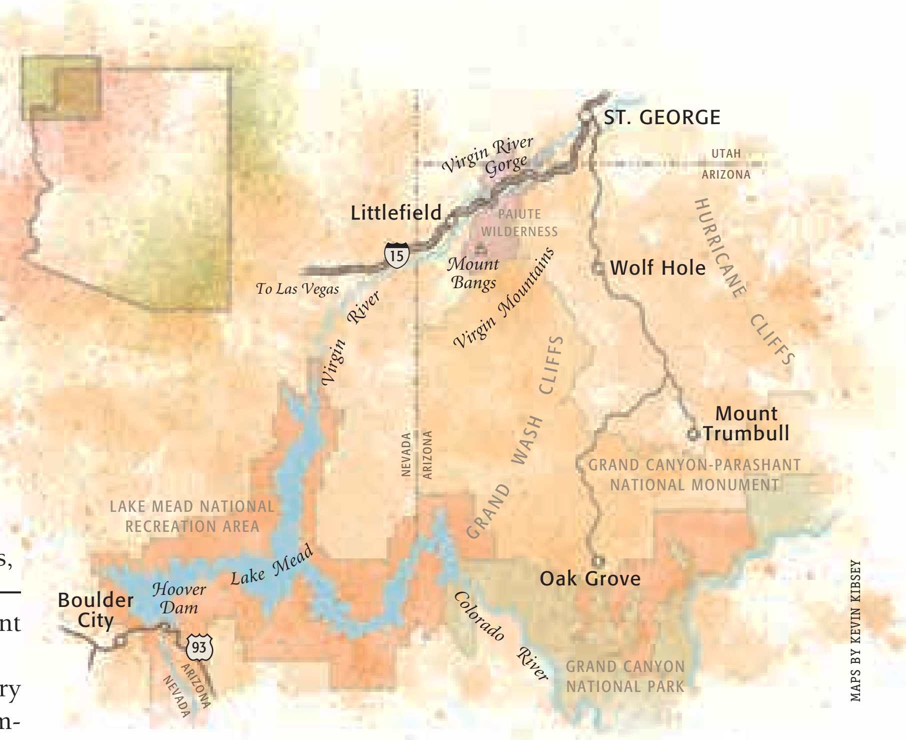
northwestarizona

EARLY IN THE MORNING on a fall day, the sun struggles to fill in the deep contours of the Virgin River Gorge with light. A deep silence reigns, broken now and then by the shrill cry of a hawk that scouts the edges of Cedar Pockets Wash, looking for breakfast. From over the hills and far away comes the growl of a truck, making its way up the long grade through the river canyon. It passes, and then the silence falls again.

Arizona's least-known region, a triangular island of rocky desert, is separated from the main body of the state by the Colorado River, and from the rest of the so-called Arizona Strip by the 8,000-foot-high Virgin Mountains and the towering Grand Wash Cliffs south of them. A few dirt roads, many passable only in good weather and in the sturdiest of vehicles, connect the Virgin River country to other points in Arizona — and then only to isolated hamlets such as Oak Grove, Mount Trumbull and Wolf Hole.

Outsiders did not often venture into this corner a century ago, leaving it the province of just a few Mormon ranching families. Even today, a traveler coming from the county seat of Kingman by road must take a roundabout course across Hoover Dam at the Colorado River, pass by the casinos of Las Vegas and swing back into Arizona by way of Interstate 15 — all told, a trip lasting at least five hours, the mere fact of which does much to explain why officialdom has pretty much left the residents of this place alone throughout history.

Not that there's ever been much to keep a policeman or tax assessor busy in these parts. Apart from the small, but now growing, town of Littlefield and its nearby satellite, Beaver Dam, the northwestern corner of Arizona remains quiet today, the domain of a few ranchers, along with passersby and outdoor adventurers who come here to explore the hidden reaches of the Paiute Wilderness. This reserve, occupying about 88,000 acres, follows the Virgin River Gorge at an elevation of about 2,000 feet, then shades south to take in a good part of the Virgin Mountains.



MAPS BY KEVIN KIBSEY

A moderately difficult 13-mile hiking trail traverses the wilderness, leading to the summit of 8,102-foot Mount Bangs, which offers panoramic views of the high-desert landscape — including, off in the northwestern distance, the point where Arizona meets Utah and Nevada, just a hair off 114 degrees longitude at the 37th parallel, a place dry enough to double for Death Valley and so little visited that the handful of cows browsing among thickets of Joshua trees along the Beaver Dam Wash seem surprised to see a human passing among them.

So this is what we find at the first of the four corners of Arizona, the remote points at which our state's outline cuts east, west, north and south.

These corners form the boundaries that contain 113,909 square miles of some of the most varied landscapes on the North American continent. Within that outline lie yet other corners and other borders: the zigzag line where the mile-high Mogollon Rim gives way to the jumbled Arizona interior; the junction of rock and sand where the towering sky islands of the southeast find the floors of the Sonoran and Chihuahuan deserts; the shaded coves along the Colorado River, dissected by imaginary lines that separate our state from its populous neighbor to the west.

The four corners of Arizona: Each stands remarkably unlike the others, containing different assemblages of plants and rocks, different histories and peoples, but sharing with the other corners a wide-open sky, rugged mountains and wonderful desert landscapes. Each corner contains worlds, any one of which would take a lifetime to know — and all of them worth a long visit.

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 14 AND 15] Delineating a landscape of intriguing variety, the four geographical corners of Arizona define the state not only physically but also in the wild, sprawling diversity of its spirit. Clockwise from top left: Indian paintbrush, broom snakeweed and banana yucca gather in a meadow below Virgin Peak in northwest Arizona's Grand Canyon-Parashant National Monument. A view from the pine-clad Carrizo Mountains in the northeast corner of the state reveals the distinctive profile of Ship Rock, across the border in New Mexico. Goldeneye flowers in southeast Arizona's Chiricahua Mountains signal the regeneration of a wooded hillside damaged in a forest fire three years earlier. Sand dunes near Yuma, in the state's southwest quadrant, have provided the backdrop for numerous Hollywood productions, including the *Star Wars* series. ALL BY ROBERT G. MCDONALD

[OPPOSITE PAGE] Named Rio de la Virgen, or River of the Virgin, by the earliest Spanish explorers, the Virgin River cuts across the very northwest corner of the state on its way to join Lake Mead. STEVE BRUNO

[BELOW] The Hurricane Cliffs mark a geologic faultline that straddles the Grand Canyon at Toroweap Point and continues north into Utah. MICHAEL COLLIER

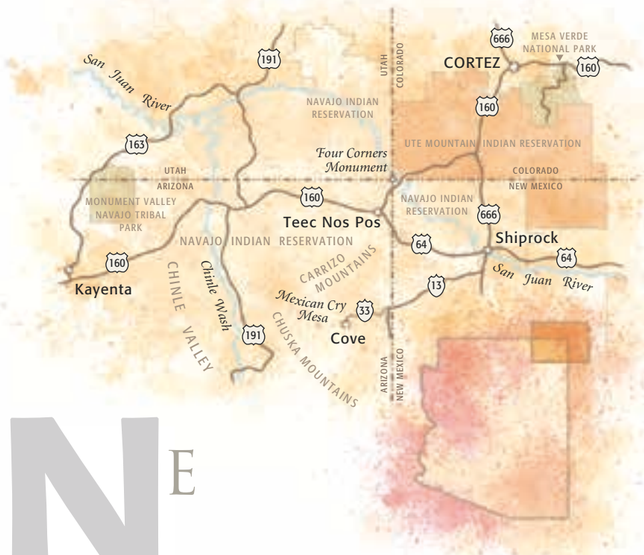
when you go

northwestarizona

LOCATION: Mohave County.

GETTING THERE: The Virgin River Canyon Recreation Area lies alongside Interstate 15 about 20 miles southwest of St. George, Utah.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: U.S. Bureau of Land Management, Arizona Strip Field Office, St. George, Utah; (435) 688-3200.



NE

LET US TRAVEL EASTWARD, a shade more than 260 miles as the crow flies, to our second corner, where, as it happens, the place actually named Four Corners lies. Here, just a few miles northeast of the Navajo hamlet of Teec Nos Pos, stands a monument that pinpoints the spot where Arizona meets New Mexico, Colorado and Utah — the only place in the United States where four states converge.

The first version of that monument, building on Territorial surveys dating to the 1860s, took shape in 1912, when Arizona and New Mexico attained statehood; then it was a simple boundary stone atop a small concrete pad. The marker became more elaborate over the succeeding decades, little by little, until a facelift in 1992 gave it its present form: a handsome patio of granite and brass, surrounded by flags of the United States, the four adjoining states and the Navajo Nation.

Teec Nos Pos, whose name means "cottonwood trees in a circle" in the Navajo language, is little more than a wide spot in the road, one of those places that a poorly timed blink will allow you to miss. But collectors of Navajo textiles know it well, not only for the elaborate weaving style that originated here, with its bold geometrical patterns and bright colors, but also for the trading post, established in 1905, that stands just off the road to the monument, beckoning with its ample stocks of rugs, cottonwood carvings and jewelry made of silver, turquoise, jet and other stones.

No other place on our tour of Arizona's four corners speaks so eloquently to the long presence of humans here, or to the continuing traditions that introduce the past to the future through the work of living artists.

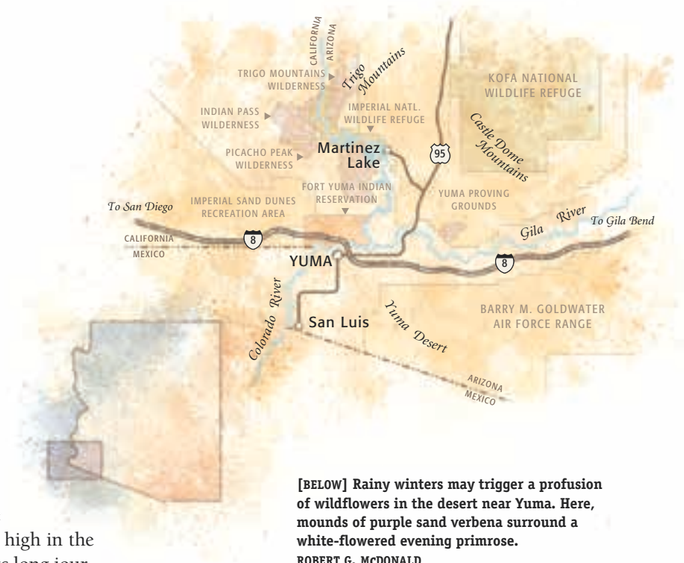
This country is rich in reds, yellows and greens, in the hues of the sandstone pinnacles and pine-clad granite peaks that rise up from what was once an ancient seafloor. As they do nearly everywhere in Arizona, mountains cast their shadows all around: far to the northeast in Colorado, Mesa Verde, where ancient Puebloans, ancestors of today's Hopi Indians, built a labyrinthine city among windswept cliffs; to the south, the 9,000-foot-tall Carrizo Mountains, whose deep interior valleys lie under snow for much of the year; and to the west and southwest, the sprawling mesas that ring the northern approaches to Chinle Valley, one of the most scenic places in all of Navajo country.

[LEFT] Dark Canyon slices a narrow defile through the Carrizo Mountains on the Navajo Indian Reservation. STEVE BRUNO
[ABOVE] Mexican Cry Mesa and the natural arch near Cove, south of Teec Nos Pos, receive a dusting of snow from a late spring storm. DAVID H. SMITH
[FOLLOWING PANEL, PAGES 20 AND 21] Located on the southwest side of the Carrizo Mountains, the seldom-visited Evil Rocks Canyon conjures fear and trepidation in Navajo legend and lore. STEVE BRUNO

when you go

northeastarizona

LOCATION: Apache County.
GETTING THERE: The Four Corners Monument lies on U.S. Route 160, 6 miles northeast of Teec Nos Pos, site of the historic Teec Nos Pos Trading Post.
HOURS: Open daily, 7 A.M. to 7 P.M., though subject to earlier closing in winter.
FEES: $2.50 per person.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Navajo Nation Parks and Recreation Department, Window Rock, (928) 871-6647. For information about guided hiking tours in the Carrizo Mountains, contact Teec Nos Pos Chapter Government, (928) 656-3662. Teec Nos Pos Trading Post, (928) 656-3224.



[BELOW] Rainy winters may trigger a profusion of wildflowers in the desert near Yuma. Here, mounds of purple sand verbena surround a white-flowered evening primrose. ROBERT G. MCDONALD

[RIGHT] Clouds gather at sunset above Signal Peak in the Kofa Mountains. MICHAEL COLLIER

[FOLLOWING PANEL, PAGES 24 AND 25] Looking northeast from the flooded wetlands of California's Taylor Lake near the Colorado River, the day's last light reddens Arizona's Trigo and Chocolate mountains. RANDY PRENTICE

NOW WE ZIGZAG, some 400 aerial miles, to the third corner, anchoring the southwestern portion of the state. Here the Colorado River flows between Arizona and California into the Mexican state of Sonora. Not far south of this spot, the river, born high in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado and Wyoming, ends its long journey to the sea. Despite the presence of perennial water, this is hot, dry country, and legendarily so.

As the traveler J. Ross Browne wrote after passing through here in the 1860s, "Every thing dries; wagons dry; men dry; chickens dry; there is no juice left in any thing, living or dead, by the close of summer. Officers and soldiers are supposed to walk about creaking; mules, it is said, can only bray at midnight; and I have heard it hinted that the carcasses of cattle rattle inside their hides, and that snakes find a difficulty in bending their bodies, and horned frogs die of apoplexy. . . . The Indians sit in the river with fresh mud on their heads, and by dint of constant dipping and sprinkling manage to keep from roasting, though they usually come out parboiled."

Browne wrote with tongue tucked firmly in cheek, but he had a point: The windblown dunes of the Yuma Desert, after all, have long done double duty for the Sahara in films and served to train soldiers going off to fight in the North African deserts in World War II. Even though the countryside is studded with paloverde and ironwood trees, ocotillo, beavertail cacti and other plants characteristic of the Sonoran Desert, they seem to be a little smaller, a little less luxuriant, than their counterparts in eastward climes, where the rain falls just a bit more abundantly.

But heat and aridity have not deterred people from making their homes along the southernmost reaches of the Colorado River. More so than any other corner of the state, the area is booming, as irrigated fields of cotton and alfalfa give way to housing developments and new stores. Drawn by a climate that could not be finer in winter, and by a growing economy, newcomers arrive daily in San Luis and Yuma, and the once-quiet, once-remote corner of the state is becoming ever more important in Arizona affairs. There is not much sign of the past here, scoured away by sand and sun and the occasional flood, but the future is everywhere.

when you go

southwestarizona

LOCATION: Yuma County.

GETTING THERE: To reach the southwestern corner of Arizona, take U.S. Route 95 south from Yuma to San Luis, approximately 21 miles by road.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: The Colorado River is accessible by local roads, mostly dirt; beware of trespassing on private property.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Bureau of Land Management, Yuma District, (928) 317-3200.

southeastarizona

ARIZONA'S FOURTH CORNER also lies along the line with Mexico, about 400 miles south of Teec Nos Pos, nearly 500 aerial miles from the Virgin River and 350 or so miles east of the Colorado River. Like the northwestern corner, it sees few people from year to year — a handful of ranchers who work the fertile grasslands of the Chihuahuan Desert. History buffs wander out farther along the storied Geronimo Trail after having stopped at the headquarters of the Slaughter Ranch, one of the best-preserved historic structures in Arizona. Birdwatchers scout the gently rolling but rocky hills that fan from the San Bernardino National Wildlife Refuge, where migratory species such as the Virginia rail and sandhill crane come to call at lush cienegas lined with cottonwood and willow trees.

The paucity of human visitors owes to several reasons. The 40-odd miles of dirt road that lead from Douglas are as bumpy as they can be, as if they were expressly designed to rattle the teeth completely from an unwary traveler's head. Services are nonexistent, and signs of humankind are notable for their absence — a stock tank here, a dirt track there. The road ends abruptly at a closed gate, behind which stands an imposing

mountain wall, the red cliffs of the Guadalupe Mountains, which form a particularly rugged spur of the vast Peloncillo range.

Broken by steep canyons and thickets of cacti, the land here was made for privacy — and it's no accident that Geronimo, the famed Apache war leader, spent so much time hereabouts keeping a step ahead of half the U.S. Army, until finally surrendering at Skeleton Canyon, only a few miles from the point where Arizona, New Mexico and Sonora, Mexico, meet.

These are Arizona's four corners, wild and scenic places, each offering a hint at what lies deeper within our state's confines, each splendid in its own right. Travel the long miles between them, drawing your own outline of our varied and beautiful state, and you will have charted a challenging but incomparable journey.

Tucsonan Gregory McNamee travels frequently throughout Arizona, calling on one or another of the four corners whenever he can. He is the author of Grand Canyon Place Names *and many other books.*

[OPPOSITE PAGE] Welded volcanic tuff, weathered and fractured, forms the rocky columns below Massai Point in Chiricahua National Monument. TOM DANIELSEN
[ABOVE] Looking westward from Inspiration Point in the Chiricahuas, visitors have an unobstructed view across Bonita Canyon and Sulphur Springs Valley to the distant Dragoon Mountains. RANDY PRENTICE

when you go — southeastarizona

LOCATION: Cochise County.
GETTING THERE: To reach Arizona's southeast corner, take Douglas' 15th Street east to the edge of town. The street becomes the graded dirt Geronimo Trail (County Road 63). The Slaughter Ranch and San Bernardino National Wildlife Refuge lie approximately 16 miles east. After another 8 miles, the road branches; take the right-hand branch, Guadalupe Canyon Road, another 18 miles. At the New Mexico border, the road enters onto private land; do not trespass.
HOURS: Slaughter Ranch is open Wednesday through Sunday, 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. The refuge is open to visitors only with a permit.
FEES: Admission to the ranch is $5 for adults, free for children under 14.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Slaughter Ranch, (520) 558-2474; San Bernardino National Wildlife Refuge, (520) 364-2104.

[LEFT] Uplifted and eroded volcanic rock creates the fanciful geologic features of Echo Canyon in Chiricahua National Monument. LARRY ULRICH
[ABOVE] A lone one-seed juniper clings to a rocky outcropping in the Peloncillo Mountains. In the distance, the Dos Cabezas Peaks hug the horizon. JACK DYKINGA
[RIGHT] Flowering verbena and goldeneye surround a charred ponderosa pine log after a Chiricahua Mountains fire. ROBERT G. McDONALD

The High Art of Mansion Life

Flagstaff's Riordan Home Celebrates a Centennial of Style

by Peter Aleshire

YOU COULD ENVY THE RIORDAN families, whose century-old, 13,000-square-foot, 40-room, Arts and Crafts-style mansion stands out as the showpiece of the 6-acre Riordan Mansion State Historic Park, just east of Milton Road in Flagstaff.

The Riordan brothers owned a successful lumber business and contributed leadership and resources to civic affairs of the area, and the entire family dominated the Flagstaff social scene. They hired one of the nation's most innovative architects, built an oval dining room to enhance dinner conversation and chose furnishings fashioned by one of America's most renowned furniture makers.

The brothers married the Metz sisters and moved into an open, airy house designed to accommodate two adventurous and privileged families. Timothy and Caroline had two daughters, while Michael and Elizabeth had six children.

But just when you're tempted to envy their extravagant mansion and affluent circumstances, you come to Tim and Caroline's daughter Anna's room.

Her picture sits on the dresser — showing a striking woman with strong, angular features and a certain, impishly fierce expression — the face of a woman used to getting her way and taking chances. Anna had a college degree, spoke several languages

[LEFT] Timothy and Michael Riordan's elegant Flagstaff mansion includes this unique table, designed to stimulate dinner conversation, in the dining room in Tim's half of the home they built in 1904, now the centerpiece of Riordan Mansion State Historic Park. RICHARD K. WEBB
[ABOVE] Stained-glass details from the Riordan home. RICHARD MAACK

and played golf with her father. A beautiful, formal gown stands waiting for her on a dressmaker's frame in the middle of the room, the sleeves daringly cut away. A pair of roller skates sits on the floor. She couldn't skate on the precious maple floors throughout the house, but could skate up and down on the pine floor of her mother's large bedroom across the hall from her own.

At 26 years old, in 1926, Anna died suddenly of polio. She woke one morning paralyzed and died two days later. Within several hours of her death, polio also claimed the life of her cousin Arthur, who had lived on the opposite side of the mansion until he married and moved into town.

The Riordans had a private funeral in the billiard room for the two young cousins at the request of town authorities out of fear of the fiercely contagious disease that terrorized whole communities. No one knew where Anna and Arthur had contracted polio.

Anna's empty, expectant room lends poignancy to the oddly intimate tour of the rambling home. This year marks the 100th anniversary of the construction of one of the nation's best examples of the Arts and Crafts Movement, which shaped 20th-century architecture and aesthetics. There are no records of the building costs, but after a century the mansion still displays the finest material, an efficient but luxurious design and the most modern conveniences of its time.

[ABOVE] Even though servants resided in her home, Caroline Riordan continued to do most of the cooking and was known for her baked desserts. [BELOW] The common room that joined the mirror-image halves of the home served as a casual gathering place for both families. BOTH BY RICHARD MAACK

[TOP] The Craftsman-style interior of the Riordan Mansion has plenty of built-in shelves and cabinets, and in the living room the family filled them with great literature. In winter, the swing faced the fireplace, but in spring and summer it was turned to face a window and the outdoors. RICHARD MAACK
[ABOVE] The lower level of the mansion's west wing, which was home to Michael Riordan's family, recently opened to the public with history displays about the Riordans and the development of the local area. RICHARD K. WEBB

The story of the house has a connection to the Santa Fe Railway. To encourage travel to the West, the railroad hired architect Charles Whittlesey to design buildings along the route that would reflect the regional culture and offer the best accommodations available. He drew inspiration for his buildings from both Spanish missions and Indian pueblos, which evolved into modern Southwestern architecture.

He was influenced strongly by the Arts and Crafts Movement in England, a reaction to both the tenets of industrialization and the fussy decorative excesses of the Victorian era. The emphasis on craftsmanship and natural materials proved readily adaptable to American tastes — particularly in a setting as distinctive and natural as the Southwest.

In 1902, Whittlesey wrote a letter to the Riordans seeking the lumbermen's advice on weathering and parasites as he designed El Tovar Hotel at the Grand Canyon, the resort destination on the Santa Fe Railway. The inquiry eventually led to Whittlesey's commission to build the Riordan mansion.

The house fit snugly into its setting with picture-window views of the San Francisco Peaks and plenty of native volcanic stone. Whittlesey used log slabs from the mill — the curved outer layer of the milled logs — which he attached to the conventional frame construction, making the mansion seem like a gigantic log cabin.

He designed the house around the demands of an active, close-knit family. Each brother's family lived in their own 6,000-square-foot wing built as the mirror image of the other and connected by a huge, log slab-sided common room — with a cavernous fireplace, a long pool table, beautifully designed wooden light fixtures and comfortable chairs for reading, chatting and playing games. As a final rustic touch, the Riordans used transparencies of Western landscapes, turning the windows into light boxes.

Whittlesey graced the house with numerous such touches, including skylights that spilled natural light deep into the two-story interior, equipped with windows that lifted open to admit cool, fresh air during the stifle of summer.

One of the most distinctive rooms is the oval dining room on Tim and Caroline's side of the mansion, designed around a table with pointed ends intended to promote conversation. The room includes curved, built-in seats and cupboards — a notable feature throughout the house. Caroline sat midway of the long, curved table, near the button used to signal servants in the adjacent kitchen when guests were ready for the next course.

Tim towered 6 feet 3 inches tall and insisted that he personally knew Paul Bunyon. When his grandchildren expressed skepticism, he had gigantic baby shoes sewn to prove his connections. He loved to chip and putt on his own three-hole golf course; each hole had three different approaches. But he didn't learn to drive a car until he was in his 70s and pressed his chauffeur to teach him.

Tim's tiny German-American wife, Caroline, stood barely 4 feet 10 inches tall and had a 22-inch waist. She loved to cook and brought her 1880s model coal stove with her to the house. She especially loved baking desserts and, as late as the 1960s, the family would fire up the old stove for special occasions because they said Caroline's pie recipes turned out best baked in it.

They filled the house with Indian art and some prime examples of the Arts and Crafts Movement. The stained-glass windows, decorative tulip-shaped wainscoting on the walls and wallpaper with nature scenes all bespoke craftsmanship. In addition, they purchased furniture created by Gustav Stickley and other renowned craftsmen of the era.

Among the remaining furnishings is an oddly fashioned chair with a back and sides of crafted oak slats. When turned to the wall, the chair could neatly contain a rebellious child for the duration of a "time-out." It came to be called the "jail chair" by the great-grandchildren of Tim and Caroline.

The very scope of the house and the life of the bustling, daring, loving family it sheltered for generations hint at a complicated story of gains and losses, just as the haunting roller skates awaiting Anna's return attest to the joy and frailty of life — which even riches cannot assure. AH

EDITOR'S NOTE: Riordan Mansion State Historic Park will celebrate the mansion's 100th birthday with two events. On June 18-20, the park will celebrate the Arts and Crafts Movement, with guest speakers and a historical play. On September 18, the park will mark the centennial of the original move-in date. Descendants of the two original families have been invited to join in the event.

Peter Aleshire of Phoenix says the best thing on the tour of the mansion was the dining room designed to accommodate an oval table and a big family.

The Navajos seek new harmony from infamous and deadly 1864 forced marches

By LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

LONG WALK
LONG RECOVERY

We drive on water, on a sheet of milk-chocolate spring runoff that ripples through Canyon del Muerto from one wall to the other. It's a river 3 inches deep and a hundred feet wide, mined with quicksandambushes,which,fortunately, Teddy Draper Sr. has memorized and can navigate a safe route around. He was born in this canyon 81 years ago and knows it intimately.

Draper guides us to Tsélaa', "Navajo fortress rock," where he will relate one of the canyon's stories handed down from his great-great-great-grandmother — the tale of how a few people outwitted a siege by Col. Kit Carson's Army in 1864 and dodged the holocaust that engulfed the Navajo Indians for the next four years. He jokes affably as we splatter along. "The Navajo people hid easily in this canyon," he says. "Our skin is the same color as the rock."

I laugh. So does he. It will be days

[LEFT] Viewed from Junction Viewpoint, cottonwood trees arrayed in autumn color wind through Canyon de Chelly on the Navajo Indian Reservation in northeastern Arizona, where the natural beauty stands in contrast to the Navajos' harsh treatment there by the U.S. Army in the 1860s. CHUCK LAWSEN

before I understand that his "joke" is as profound as the red canyon's many centuries of history.

The Navajos first settled in the basins and canyons west of Arizona's Chuska Mountains in the mid-18th century, claiming an obdurate but lovely land that had been vacant since drought and environmental exhaustion dispersed the Pueblo culture 500 years earlier. Trouble, however, came with the territory. Navajos and Utes skirmished and raided each other for livestock and slaves. In 1805 the Spaniards massacred 115 Navajos huddled in a cave with a ricocheting rain of thousands of bullets.

But not until Gen. James Henry Carleton of the U.S. Army assumed command of the New Mexico Territory in 1862 was the entire Navajo culture threatened with annihilation.

Carleton was a professional soldier who also saw himself as a devout Christian and humanitarian. Like most white Westerners of the time, he viewed Apaches and Navajos as impediments to progress who had to be contained and controlled. He suspected, as many did, that the Navajo homeland held mineral wealth, and because its primitive occupants had no idea how to harvest it, white America owned a divine mandate to manage it.

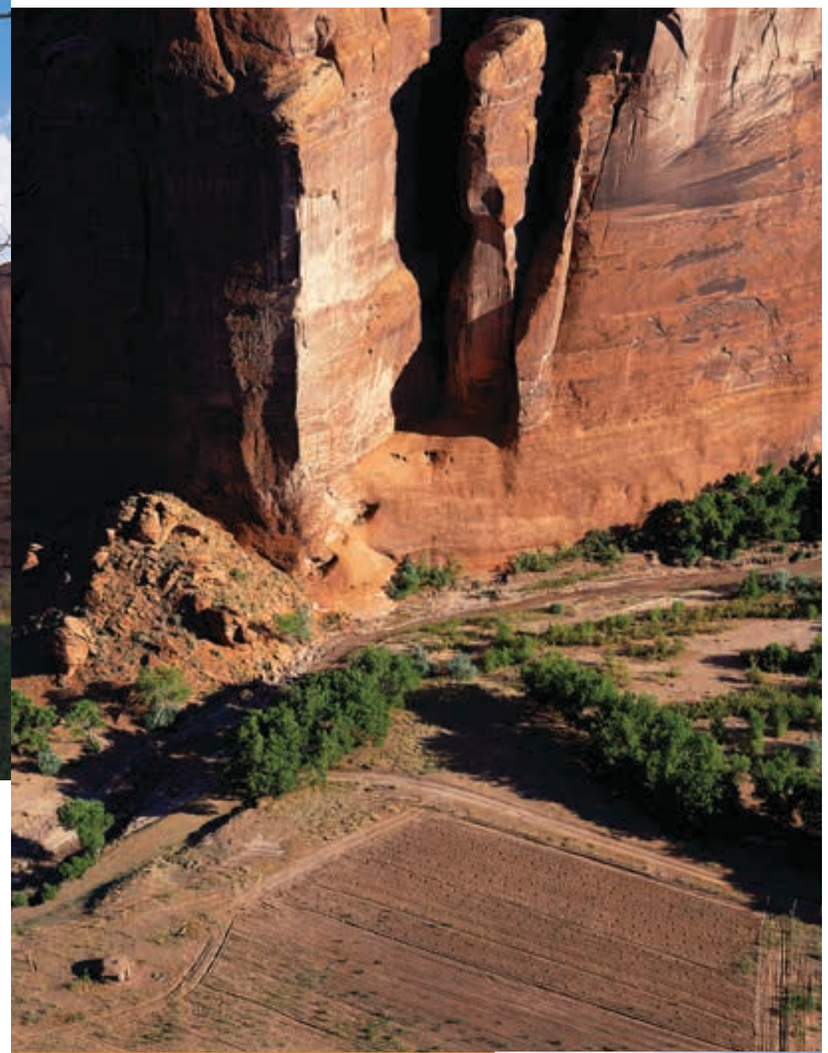
In 1863 Carleton hatched a "humane" plan to move the Navajo people en masse to a reservation on eastern New Mexico's high plains, where they could learn white men's ways and, he believed, be much the better for it. Those who refused to go "would be considered hostile and would be proceeded against accordingly." Carleton saw no contradiction between his Christian righteousness and these Draconian orders; he was a child of Manifest Destiny — God's plan for American democracy to flood the continent.

Carleton handed the job of breaking the Navajo resistance to Kit Carson, by then 54 years old and tired of fighting. Carson had far more understanding and sympathy for Indian ways than most soldiers — he had twice married Indians and adopted Indian orphans — but whatever his private misgivings, he swallowed them and followed orders with the ruthlessness that was expected of him.

Canyon de Chelly and Canyon del Muerto served as the Navajos' defensive stronghold, and their broad floors provided beautiful orchards and pasturelands. (One Army officer grudgingly admired their efforts, reporting that ". . . the Corn Fields of the Savages are laid out with farmer-like taste . . . ")

In January 1864, Carson launched a two-pronged assault on the inhabitants of the two canyons, burning orchards and hogans, taking prisoners when possible and shooting those who refused to surrender ("Killed two (2) Buck Indians and one Squaw who obstinately persisted in hurling rocks and pieces of wood at the soldiers," reported Capt. Albert Pfeiffer).

The raids crushed Navajo morale and raised the specter of a winter of starvation, and over the next several months thousands of destitute Navajos trudged to Fort Canby (now Fort Defiance), 35 miles southeast of Canyon de Chelly, to surrender. In numerous large groups, they were herded 300 to 500 miles (the routes varied) to Fort Sumner, at what New Mexicans melodiously called the Bosque Redondo, "round forest." By the best estimate now possible, 1,500 to 3,000 people — up to a fifth of the Navajo population at the time — died either en route or in the camp. It became known as the Long Walk — the Southwestern counterpart to the Cherokees' Trail of Tears.



[OPPOSITE PAGE] Rust-colored walls enclose Canyon de Chelly, a haven for the Navajo Indians. GEORGE STOCKING [ABOVE] Navajo families that now make their homes in the canyon live in traditional ways, residing in hogans and irrigating their small farms from the creek. WILLARD CLAY [RIGHT] Teddy Draper stands in front of Fortress Rock, which became a refuge for his ancestors who avoided the forced evacuation. MONTY ROESSEL

At this point, the story rightly becomes Navajo property. For more than 100 years, their version was ignored, partly because there was no written Navajo language in the 19th century to record it, but mostly because to white ears, the oral histories passed down through generations of Navajo grandmothers seem laced with contradictions, a swirling farrago of fact, myth and mysticism. But the Navajos interpret their history in different dimensions of reality, some of which lie outside others' comprehension.

I go to Dinétah, the Navajo homeland, to retrace the Long Walk and try to understand it on the Navajo level. Problems arise. Some Navajos don't like my plan to actually walk parts of the route, even though my collaborator, photographer Monty Roessel, is Navajo. They feel it would trivialize the tragedy: "It wasn't a hike," says one. So I drive the approximate route from Canyon de Chelly to Bosque Redondo, tracking forts and encampments cited in historical accounts.

This dimension of the story has turned to dust. I locate the site of old Fort Wingate near San Rafael, New Mexico, now private property marked by a "No Dumping" sign and a scattering of discarded mattresses and fridges. Ten thousand Navajos once camped here, awaiting escort into exile.

Nothing remains of Fort Sumner. In 1941 the capricious Pecos River changed course and dissolved the last of the Army post's adobe blocks. The soldiers and prisoners stripped the riparian bosque for firewood in the 1860s; today the surrounding landscape is a bleak, windswept prairie, the horizons broken only by the odd windmill or grazing cow. A small and lonely New Mexico state museum commemorates the site.

Museum manager Gregory Scott Smith says Congress has appropriated $2 million for a new museum, already designed by Navajo architect David Sloan. They're awaiting a $2 million match from the state.

"We want to include much more of the

Navajo point of view," Smith says. "We want a balanced story."

I am back at Tsélaa' with Teddy Draper, balancing the story. He narrates his family story with obvious pride:

In the winter of 1863-64, word comes that the soldiers will arrive. For months the people have prepared, stashing dried food on the "fortress," a natural redoubt at the Y-intersection of canyons de Chelly and del Muerto.

Its walls are 700 feet of vertical sandstone slab. But on the east side is a way up with handholds left over from the Puebloans.

It is February, bitterly cold. The soldiers camp at the base of the rock. They fry bacon, thinking the aroma will rise and make the Diné crave to surrender. But the Indians have plenty of dried meat. The concern is water.

So on a night when the full moon rises to the south of the fortress, the Navajos form a human chain down the north wall on yucca ropes. As the soldiers sleep, the Navajos scoop water from the creek and pass it up. Two or three weeks later, the soldiers themselves face starvation and quit the failed siege.

"We call it 'mother rock' in Navajo," Draper says. "This was the rebirth of Navajo, right here."

But not for some time. It was a dismal winter — one Army account reported a foot of snow on the east canyon rim at the campaign's beginning. There would be no farming and sheepherding for those who eluded capture or surrender.

Navajo stories tell of people surviving by eating cactus and the heads and feet of discarded horse and sheep carcasses.

Ruth Roessel, a Navajo grandmother, Monty Roessel's mother and the woman who first gathered these stories on tape for a groundbreaking 1973 book, escorts me as far as Fort Defiance in her vehicle. We stop at a lookout over Spider Rock, an 800-foot sandstone needle that erupts from the floor of Canyon de Chelly and figures prominently in Navajo legend. She brings children here to tell them about the Long Walk. She seats them on a log, relates the stories, and lectures, "You've got to mind . . . because you don't want to make another mistake like a long time ago."

Mistake? My interpretation of her warning seems obvious: *They shouldn't have surrendered.*

But the Navajo story operates on a different level. I read the stories that Ruth Roessel collected and discover a thread of fatalism. It began because of the behavior of a few Diné . . . a handful, here and there, killed white people.

The idea that the Navajos invited this tragedy is rooted in the concept of *hozho*, or "harmony with all things" — nature, neighbors, tradition. When there is disharmony, terrible things happen.

Johnson Dennison, a medicine man who works for the hospital at Chinle, near Canyon de Chelly, tells me that until the Long Walk, the Diné were out of harmony. "There was no order. People were doing whatever they wanted, raiding, making war, killing each other."

But Dennison, an intelligent man whose eyes seem constantly to test and probe his listeners, rejects the mantle of blame. "We Navajos who have an education — a white man's education — have a different perspective. If you really study history, it was not the Navajos who started it. The Europeans were the ones who took our people as slaves. Because we have learned the truth, we feel bitter."

I edge toward understanding. Bitterness and acceptance, suffering and enlightenment, myth and reality all coexist in the Navajo world. Each pair forms the two sides of a coin.

Families still pass on horrifying stories from the Long Walk. Howard W. Gorman, a longtime tribal councilman, told Ruth Roessel how his ancestors had a pregnant daughter who had managed to walk almost as far as the Rio Grande but could no longer keep up. The soldiers ordered her family to leave her behind — and a few moments later, they shot her. At Bosque Redondo, Gorman related, the rations were so meager that small boys would poke around in horse manure to find undigested corn kernels, which they would roast in hot ashes.

Official stories from Fort Sumner are hardly as graphic as the Navajos', but they confirm the hardship and deprivation. Even as the Long Walk began, Carlton warned the commanding officer at Fort Sumner, "It will require the greatest effort and most careful husbandry to keep the Indian alive . . . every Indian — man, woman or child — able to dig up the ground for planting, should be kept at work every moment of the day preparing a patch, however small . . . Indians must live on the smallest possible quantity of food."

Eventually more than 8,000 Navajos resettled onto a windswept 40-by-40-mile camp. Contemporary photos show clumps of lopsided stick-and-canvas shacks, a stark contrast to the neatly aligned and landscaped barracks of Fort Sumner.

The Army tried constructing adobe huts for the Navajos, but their numbers soon overwhelmed the buildings, and whenever someone died inside, no others would ever enter again — among the many facts of Navajo culture of which Carleton was ignorant. Navajo anthropologist Harry Walters tells me that some prisoners built traditional hogans, but eventually had to destroy them for firewood. After that, they huddled in dugouts.

Herrero, a Navajo headman, provided government investigators with a picture of life at Bosque Redondo that — contradictions and all — portrays a brutalized and abjectly demoralized people. "Some of the soldiers do not treat us well," he said in testimony recorded in an 1867 U.S. Senate report titled "Condition of the Indian Tribes." "When at work, if we stop a little they kick us or do something else, but generally they treat us well. We do not mind if an officer punishes us, but do not like to be treated badly by the soldiers. . . .

"Our women sometimes come to the tents outside the fort and make contracts with the soldiers to stay with them for a night, and [they] give [the women] five dollars or something else. But in the morning they take away what they gave them and kick them off. This happens most every day . . . the women are not forced, but consent willingly."

Stories of courage also came out of Bosque Redondo. Ruth Roessel's great-grandmother, then about 15 years old, told one of them about how she escaped.

On the night of her flight, she said she spoke to the Army's guard dogs using their sacred names so they wouldn't bark and betray her. Walking alone and only at night to avoid capture, she first followed an owl's hooting. Another night a bear guided her through a forest, her hand on its rump.

Finally, threatened by a pack of hungry wolves, the desperate fugitive spoke to them, too, in their language. "Look at me," she cried. "I am nothing but bones. Go find a fat deer, I just want to go home."

And after many such nights, she indeed found her way home. Ruth Roessel points to a low, angular purple mesa visible on the horizon from the south rim of Canyon de Chelly. "Waterless Mountain," she says reverently. "That was her home."

I understand the story in terms of re-establishing *hozho*, harmony with the natural world and with home. Harmony would never have settled into Bosque Redondo even if the Army had provided adequate food, shelter and firewood. Carleton never understood the Navajo concept of home, where every mountain, plant and sunset is sacred.

The chapter of the Long Walk seemed to close with treaty talks at Fort Sumner in 1868 between eight Navajo chiefs and Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman. Sherman offered a proposal to give the Navajos a new reservation in Oklahoma, stocked with cattle, corn and schools, but Navajo chief Barboncito pleaded against it. "I hope to God you will not ask me to go to any other country except my own." Sherman relented, not so much out of compassion as from government weariness with the problems of feeding and controlling 8,000 miserable prisoners of war.

The irony — perhaps the lesson — of the Long Walk is that it preserved Navajo identity instead of destroying it. The Navajos returned to their land with a new and deeper bond to it, and the stories tightened the fiber that held the culture together.

"The appreciation of the land, the language, the culture, the ceremonies — we almost lost this," says Harry Walters. "I don't want to say it was good that the Long Walk happened — it's like hitting yourself over the head with a hammer; it feels so good when you stop. But it's what made us strong."

Johnson Dennison wonders. He surveys the modern troubles of the Diné and sees disharmony — things falling apart, the center failing to hold. "It's been 132 years, and people are acting like they didn't learn anything. Every day someone dies because of alcohol. There are all kinds of social problems. We are not teaching the old ways. We are not practicing the right way of living.

"But the weapon we need to overcome all these problems, we already have it. All we need is to rediscover who we are."

Lawrence W. Cheek, who lives near Seattle, has traveled frequently on the Navajo Indian Reservation, reporting on the region's modern and ancient cultures. He has written a book on the Long Walk to be published by Rio Nuevo Publishers.

[LEFT] Spider Rock rises 800 feet above the junction of Canyon de Chelly and Monument Canyon. CHUCK LAWSEN
[BELOW] A cholla frames a hogan and golden Fremont cottonwood trees along Chinle Wash. RANDY PRENTICE

OWL JOKES

We asked our readers for owl jokes, and here's a sample of what we got:

A man pulled his car into an abandoned desert gas station and got out. The only creature there was an owl sitting on a saguaro. "Owl, are you able to tell me the quickest way to town?"

"Are you walking or driving?" asked the wise owl.

"I'm driving."

"Well, that's the quickest way."

PAM D'ARCEY, Felton, CA

The Great Horned Owl was known as The Horned Owl until he got a better public relations guy.

Owls don't build nests, but temporarily take over abandoned ones. It's not very elegant, but it keeps the kids from moving back in with them.

BOTH BY GREGG SIEGEL
Gaithersburg, MD

They say that owls can turn their heads almost 270 degrees. I had a tough high school teacher who could do that, too.

PAMELA HAMILTON, Phoenix

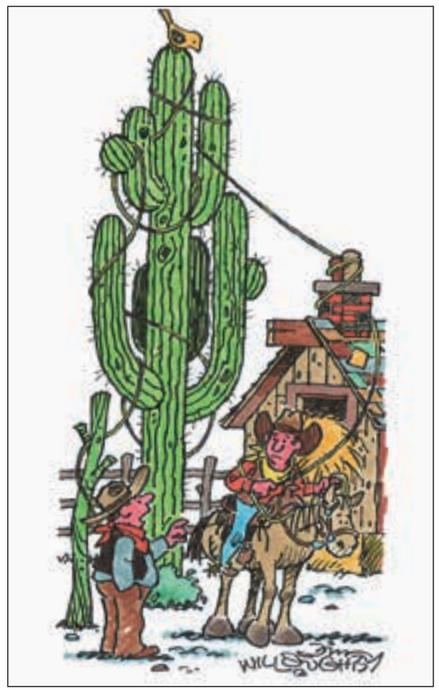
{early day arizona}

Little Bessie: "Mama, how'll I know when I'm naughty?"
Mother: "Your conscience will tell you, dear."
Little Bessie: "I don't care about it telling me, Mama. But will it tell you?"

Jerome Mining News, SEPTEMBER 23, 1911

WILLOUGHBY'S WEST

by JIM WILLOUGHBY



"You need a little more work with that rope, Bryers."

SHOPPING BONANZA

I worked as a security guard in a department store in Phoenix some years back. Shortly before closing time, a woman with several garments approached.

"Why aren't the dressing rooms open?" she asked. I explained that they closed 15 minutes before the store closed.

Instead of being irritated, she breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness!" she exclaimed. "You just saved me a hundred dollars."

THOMAS LAMANCE, Prewitt, NM

UNUSUAL PERSPECTIVE

A desert snail can sleep for up to three years . . . and I thought my dad napped a lot. — Linda Perret

NO SYMPATHY

A lady whose father had died decided to take her 8-year-old daughter to the funeral. The child had never been to a funeral. At the cemetery, when the services were over and people were standing around visiting, the mother said to her daughter, "Go tell Grandma you are sorry Grandpa died."

The bewildered child looked at her mother and replied, "Why should I tell her I am sorry? I didn't kill him. You are always blaming me for everything."

DR. CHARLES A. SCHWAB
Prairie Village, KS

HORSE SENSE

A little boy who had gone to visit his grandfather's horse ranch happened to be there when the vet came to check on a patient. So, Grandpa introduced the young man to the doctor, and then asked the child if he knew what the vet's job was.

"Sure," the young man answered proudly, "she's a doctor who makes horse calls."

RUTH BURKE, Bowie

IMPROMPTU ANSWER

At school conferences, it was quite obvious to me that my little boy's kindergarten teacher was concerned about his frequent interruptions in class. We tried hard to teach him not to blurt out his comments, but to raise his hand and wait to be called on. Little progress was made.

However, one day my son's teacher took me aside and, with a twinkle in her eye, proceeded to inform me of his latest impromptu remark. A fellow student's grandfather had come to class that morning to demonstrate a miniature model volcano. As this dignified gentleman prepared to make it scientifically "erupt" with a combination of baking soda and vinegar, the little guy simply could not contain himself.

"I know what's gonna come out of that," he excitedly yelled. "Red hot lovers!"

JOANNE BOZEMAN, Appleton, WI

DIRECTIONAL LANDMARK

I took my friend, visiting from New Jersey, to Prescott. During lunch on Whiskey Row, she mentioned that her niece had attended Prescott College, and that she would like to see it.

Our waitress provided detailed driving instructions, with the Circle K serving as a main reference point. My friend, wanting to be sure we wouldn't miss it, asked, "Now is the Circle K a big ranch with a gate, or is it hard to see from the road?"

Neither the waitress nor I had the heart to tell her we would be looking for a convenience store.

MARY M. IORNS, Mesa

{reader's corner}

Hummingbirds can be very aggressive. Shoot, if you were around someone who hummed all day, wouldn't you be a little edgy, too? Send us your **hummingbird jokes,** and we'll pay $50 for each one we publish.

TO SUBMIT HUMOR: Send your jokes and humorous Arizona anecdotes to Humor, *Arizona Highways*, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009 or e-mail us at editor@arizonahighways.com. Please include your name, address and telephone number with each submission.

Those Sneaky, Clever, Fibbing Ravens Can Fly Upside Down, Too

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I FIRST HEARD that ravens can fly upside down. Nor why I believed it.

But I do remember the day I confidently plopped down this implausible fact in mixed company. I was sitting at a gathering of writers when someone mentioned the glossy, black-eyed, cawing troublemakers. So I naturally popped out my most impressive raven factoid.

"Did you know that ravens can fly upside down?" I intoned.

My editor hooted audibly.

"Upside down?" he repeated, skepticism dripping like Gila monster venom from the hollow tooth of his tone.

"Uh, yeah," I said, flailing for my forgotten source. Now that I considered the matter objectively, it did sound ridiculous.

"Ever actually seen an upside down raven?" he deadpanned.

"Well, no. But I did see photos in *National Geographic* of a raven sliding down a snowdrift on his back," I said.

"Where did you hear they fly upside down?" he asked, grinning.

"I, uh, well, I don't remember exactly."

Outted. A glib and careless citer of dubious facts.

Thereafter, the editor decided that upside-down ravens captured something irresistibly metaphorical about my relationship to the world. Whenever he introduced me, he would wait a beat, then add — "And did you know that ravens can fly upside down?"

That was years ago.

In all the time since, I have watched ravens, craning my neck at 75 mph on the highway, tilted backward on cliff-edge switchbacks and sitting in the silence of ancient Indian ruins. But I had never seen one turn upside down.

Still, in the watching I've come to love them — although they have made a humble fool of me. That seems appropriate. One naturalist observed of ravens that their chief difficulty stems from being much too smart for their station in life. They mate for life, are good parents, share the responsibility of raising the next generation and establish elaborate pecking orders. They have been scavenging our kills for thousands of years, and many reports suggest they sometimes still lead hunters to deer for the killing.

Captive ravens can learn to talk, and wild ravens communicate with an impressive vocabulary of calls. They can use sticks as tools, and they can open locks and unwrap packages.

They can lie. When they come upon a big source of food, the dominant birds take their fill first, often stashing food for later. The other ravens watch, and if they can get away with it, they'll craftily steal the food hidden by the dominant bird.

Therefore, a bird hiding food will go to great lengths to confuse the watching birds. They'll pretend to hide a piece of food in three different places before actually hiding it, using misleading calls and complex body language.

I have spent many happy hours in wild places watching ravens. They cavort in the air. They croak. They chortle. They gleam blue-black in the sunlight. When they fly past, the wind whistles through their wings. They have repaid me a thousand times over for the humiliation of believing that they can fly upside down. But years ago I gave up asking people if they'd ever seen one fly upside down.

Clearly, by now I should have stopped staring after ravens with that irrational lilt of hope. It makes no sense. Why fly upside down? What purpose would it serve? It defies physics. How long can you go on mere faith — the evidence of things unseen?

Still . . .

Recently, standing on the rim of Canyon de Chelly in a bone-biting cold, 30 mph wind, I turned to watch a raven angling into the face of that wind. The Navajos and Apaches tell many stories about ravens, as no doubt did the ancient tribes whose 1,000-year-old ruins crowd the canyon. The raven brought death into the world — and cattle. He outfoxed coyote. So I savored the raven in the canyons of the ancient ones — as it played with the wind, gleaming in the sunlight.

And then, he turned upside down.

He flipped onto his back with a twist of his wings, which he held half folded as he angled upside down into the wind. He held there for a second. Then two. Then he flipped right side up. He flapped once, then flipped over onto his back again. A second. Then two. Then upright again for another flap. Then again onto his back. Satisfied that he had mocked the wind, he veered off into the canyon.

Tears sprang, unbidden, into my eyes. I felt not so much vindicated as blessed.

For all important things require faith — the turning of the eyes to the sky, past all reason.

The evidence of things not seen, but so earnestly hoped for.

by Tom Carpenter | photographs by George Stocking

From Prescott, Explore Gold-mining Sites in the Bradshaw Mountains

BEGINNING AND ENDING IN Prescott, this leisurely three-hour drive through the Bradshaw Mountains offers an up-close look at some of central Arizona's mining history.

The granite- and quartz-laden Bradshaws have yielded almost $400 million in mineral wealth since gold was discovered in the southwestern foothills in 1863. Within a year, more than 1,600 miners were scouring the creekbeds and crevices for gold.

Nuggets of Bradshaw Mountains gold helped convince President Abraham Lincoln that Arizona should be a territory separate from New Mexico. Gold from the Arizona Territory helped finance the northern cause in the Civil War.

While the fever of those early years has subsided, gold can still be found in these mountains, so when you prepare for this trip, make sure everybody packs a pie pan. You might strike it rich.

The Bradshaw Mountains cover almost 150 square miles. The highest elevation is Mount Union, just under 8,000 feet. The countless creeks and springs gurgling from the granite heart of the range contribute to the watersheds that feed the Agua Fria River to the east and the Hassayampa River to the west.

If you can't hike them, the automobile offers a great way to see the Bradshaws. This trip, based loosely on a pamphlet published in 1990 by the Prescott Chamber of Commerce and the Forest Service, leaves the pavement for much of the time, and requires a high-clearance vehicle for peace of mind. The play of sunlight and shadow along the route will soothe your troubled spirits, particularly if you take the trip during the week when there are fewer campers and less traffic.

William Bradshaw, with his brother Isaac, operated a ferry across the Colorado River above Yuma. It's not hard to imagine that the climate along the river in 1863 induced

[ABOVE] Purchased in 1878 by William Coles Bashford for his wife, Mary Louise Evans Bashford, the Bashford House was saved from razing through a Prescott citizens' fund-raising campaign and moved from Gurley Street to the Sharlot Hall Museum grounds in 1974. [RIGHT] A former schoolhouse built of native stone during the 1930s houses a Prescott National Forest office at the Groom Creek trailhead. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Ponderosa pine, blue spruce and fir trees tower above diminutive Lynx Creek near Walker Road east of Prescott.

[BELOW] The ruins of the Senator Mine reflect little of its glory days in the 1890s when it produced a half-million-dollars' worth of gold.
[OPPOSITE PAGE] The Forest Service permits the use of electric-powered motorboats, as well as rowboats, canoes and paddleboats, on 55-acre Lynx Lake.

William to try his hand at a little prospecting in higher elevations. He and his companions probably followed the Gila River eastward, then turned north and followed the Hassayampa River to the site of present-day Wickenburg. There they found enough gold flakes in the eddies and river bends of the Hassayampa to entice them farther upstream, looking for the rocks that yielded them. Bradshaw found more gold in the mountains that eventually bore his name.

Begin the drive at the Sharlott Hall Museum at 415 W. Gurley St. Be careful. You could while away the entire day wandering through the exhibits and smelling the fragrances of more than 260 rose bushes in the Territorial Women's Memorial Garden, and never get on with this trip.

From the museum, head east on Gurley to Mount Vernon Avenue. Turn right and drive south on Mount Vernon past the restored Victorian homes. The story goes that President Lincoln wanted to offset any Confederate influence in the southern part of the Territory by encouraging a "Midwestern" look to the then-Territorial capital.

Mount Vernon Avenue becomes the Senator Highway. Built in 1866-67, the Senator Highway linked mining camps along the spine of the Bradshaws. Drive south approximately 5 miles and turn left into the parking area of the Groom Creek Schoolhouse Day-Use Recreation Area. The $2 fee applies to all day-use areas in the Prescott National Forest. Keep the windshield stub because you'll need it again later in the day.

The Groom Creek School was built about 1894. This is an ideal spot for a picnic. A nature trail for the visually impaired, with embossed silhouettes of squirrels and birds, encourages the sighted visitor to experience the serenity of the trail with eyes closed.

One mile farther on the Senator Highway, the pavement surrenders to a narrow dirt road. Typical of the early roads, it snakes along the steep slopes, never straying far from water and forage. Originally called the Prescott and Lynx Toll Road — costing 25 cents for a man on horseback, a buck and a quarter for a wagon — the name changed to the Senator Highway when it was extended in 1875 to the mill at the Senator Mine.

If you're not careful, you'll miss the ruins of the Senator Mine and mill. Approximately 3.1 miles after you leave the pavement, the steel rafters of the mill are visible to the right and below the roadbed. There's a small pullout where you can park. Follow the trail down to the mill site, maybe 100 yards, and you can walk carefully among the ruins of the mill.

From the Senator Mine, continue south about half a mile, and you'll come to an intersection. Take the Walker Road to your left. This almost 180-degree turn toward the north will take you up to Hassayampa Lake. The dam was built in 1936 by laborers with the Works Progress Administration to provide water to Prescott. At the top of the grade, you cross the divide of the Bradshaws, and Lynx Creek flows east.

As you descend, Walker Road crosses Lynx Creek countless times. The road and mining boom town of Walker are named after Joseph Walker, who also led a party of placer miners into the area in 1863. Lynx Creek still ranks as one of the most productive gold-bearing streams in Arizona.

About 5 miles north of Walker, watch for signs on the right for Lynx Lake and Lynx Creek Ruin. (For more on Lynx Lake, see the "Hike of the Month" on page 48.) Your Groom Creek Schoolhouse pass is valid at Lynx Creek Ruin, also a day-use area. Instead of parking at the trailhead, take the road to the right of the lot and drive down to the Gold Pan Day-Use Area.

Break out the pie pans and go for the gold. You can keep what you find. Just leave the area as you found it.

When it's time to go home, head back to Walker Road and turn right. About 2 miles later, you'll reach State Route 69. Turn left and you'll soon be back on Gurley Street. AH

KEVIN KIBSEY

travel tips

WARNING: Back road travel can be hazardous if you are not prepared for the unexpected. Whether traveling in the desert or in the high country, be aware of weather and road conditions, and make sure you and your vehicle are in top shape. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone at home know where you're going and when you plan to return. Odometer readings in the story may vary by vehicle.
TRAVEL ADVISORY: Forest and back country maps are available at the Public Lands Information Center in Phoenix, (602) 417-9300.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Sharlott Hall Museum, (928) 445-3122 or www.sharlott.org; Prescott National Forest, Bradshaw Ranger District, (928) 443-8000.

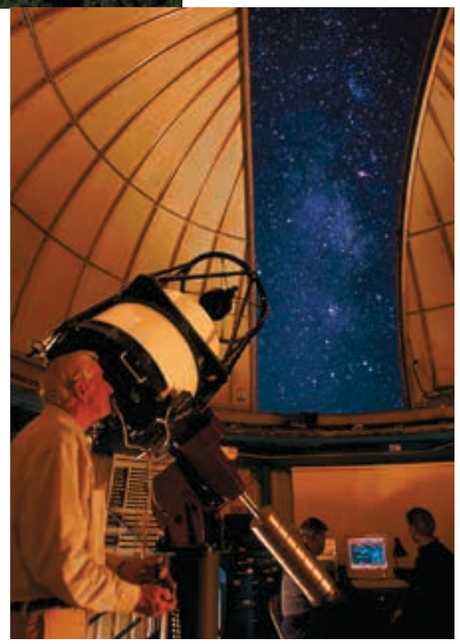
Stargazing at Kitt Peak: the Ultimate Weekend for Amateur Astronomers

YOU GET A LOT OF TIME to think about the special place you're visiting as you drive the long road to Kitt Peak National Observatory southwest of Tucson. Tantalizing glimpses of bright white domes on the summit come into view as you steer through the curvy switchbacks leading upward.

"Jim! The road!" my wife, Jeanette, says, grabbing the wheel when I swerve too close to the edge. Some of the drop-offs look like those vertiginous vistas in old *Road Runner* cartoons. Still, it's easy to be distracted by the thought of what lies at the end of this road: the world's largest collection of big telescopes. For decades, the mountain and its taxpayer-supported, publicly owned institution have drawn the world's astronomical all-stars.

For most of my life, I've been a fan of these men and women, and the eye-popping photographs taken with giant telescopes awe me. I've always wondered what it must be like to view such things at a place like Kitt Peak.

Tonight, we find out. Jeanette and I will be in charge of one of those domes. There's a room reserved for us in the astronomers' dormitory. We'll eat dinner in the astronomers' cafeteria. Best of all, we'll have exclusive use of a research-grade telescope and an operator skilled in its use. And, according to Adam Block, lead observer with the Advanced Observing Program, the staff treats program attendees exactly like visiting astronomers.



[ABOVE] The 4-meter Nicholas U. Mayall Telescope, named for a former director of Kitt Peak National Observatory, towers 6,875 feet above sea level on the observatory campus southwest of Tucson and is visible from 50 miles away. [RIGHT] Using the 20-inch Ritchey-Chretien telescope custom-made for the observatory by RC Optical Systems in Flagstaff, Advanced Observing Program participant Charles Betts observes the night sky while fellow participant Douglas Matthews (left in background) watches the monitor with lead observer Adam Block.
[OPPOSITE PAGE] The spiral galaxy M88, part of the constellation Coma Berenices and a member of the Virgo cluster, swirls in space about 60 million light years away from Earth.
JIM QUINN/ADAM BLOCK/NOAO/AURA/NSF

For would-be astronomers, it's the ultimate weekend.

Jeannette and I arrive in the afternoon and take a quick look around. From the summit, looking at the Sonoran Desert far below us, it's easy to understand why the Tohono O'odham Tribe, which owns the mountain, considers it a sacred place. Kitt Peak's summit, unexpectedly green, looks like a cross between a national park and a college campus.

Monumental structures dwarf the 1960s-era brick buildings where people live and work when they aren't observing. I recognize the imposing McMath Solar Telescope, a towering white triangle that has been photographed so many times it stands as an iconic symbol of big science in the 20th century.

The largest dome, sited on the highest ground at 6,875 feet above sea level, houses the 158-inch Mayall Telescope, the biggest of the Kitt Peak telescopes. Geometric patterns of exposed structural steel give the 30-year-old building an Art Deco appearance. The Mayall's commanding presence is best appreciated at sunset, when huge shutters on the white dome open, allowing cool mountain air to circulate over the 15-ton mirror. Warm air rising from a hot mirror can distort the view, so the massive slab of optical-grade quartz must be cooled before work can begin.

The enormous domes make the nearby dormitory look especially modest. Our room features a bed, small bathroom and a window equipped with heavy blinds. One of the few luxuries is an alarm clock — especially helpful for nocturnal residents.

We have dinner cafeteria-style in a dining room shared by the staff and astronomers. Jeanette has pasta and I select an excellent prime rib. The cafeteria also offers vegetarian dishes and a salad bar. Although the cooks leave the mountain each evening, they take orders for meals that astronomers can remove from coolers late at night. Visitors also can choose sandwiches and fruit.

As darkness falls, we plan our observing time with Block. We'll use a 20-inch telescope that's bigger and more precise than the finest amateur instruments available. Its state-of-the-art computer controls and digital cameras are more powerful than the best equipment in the world's top observatories just a few years ago.

Our goal is to capture at least one first-rate picture. Telescope time is so precious that most professional astronomers can't afford to take pictures of celestial objects just because they are beautiful. That field is still open to amateurs — almost none of whom have access to this kind of equipment and sky conditions.

Block suggests we focus on a particularly lovely and rarely photographed galaxy known as M88. "With a little luck and good weather conditions, you could make one of the best pictures anyone has ever taken of M88," Block says.

Photographs produced by the Advanced Observing Program are widely published in magazines and professional journals. We're told there's a very good chance that the photographs taken tonight will end up in a textbook or a magazine someday. At a minimum, they will get prominent display in the AOP image gallery at www.noao.edu/outreach/aop.

Jeanette and I enjoy the beauty of the now-dark night sky, and experience it deeply in this lovely, historic place. As the night goes on, and the Milky Way drifts westward over our heads, it's easy to feel closer to heaven than ever before.

Slowly, our picture of M88 comes together on the screen of Block's computer, and he shows us how to turn these digital images into fine art. Jeanette heads off to bed around midnight so she can rest for tomorrow's drive home. By the time sunrise illuminates our dark night sky, Block describes our picture of M88 as "one of the best ever."

We also complete a less-ambitious shot of M57, the famous Ring Nebula in the constellation Lyra. This image is not as rare, but a framed picture of the colorful ring will make a nice companion to the M88 photo we'll hang on our wall back home.

Block burns our photographs onto a CD, and I return, exhilarated, to the dormitory. During the short walk, I encounter astronomers yawning as they shuffle back to their rooms. I close the heavy window blinds before collapsing into bed.

"How was it?" Jeanette asks.

"Stellar," I say.

LOCATION: 56 miles southwest of Tucson on the Tohono O'odham Reservation, Ajo Highway.
FEES: $350 for the Advanced Observing Program for one or two people, plus $55 per person for overnight accommodations and dinner, night meal and breakfast.
EVENTS: For $36, Kitt Peak visitors can experience a group stargazing program. The evening includes a light meal, a brief lecture about Kitt Peak, and a 90-minute guided tour of the night sky with binoculars and views through a telescope. Reservations are required.
ATTRACTIONS: Open daily from 9 A.M. until 4 P.M., except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. The visitors center and small museum offer guided tours at 10 A.M., 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. Maps are available for self-guided tours. An admission donation of $2 per person is suggested.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: (520) 318-8726; www.noao.edu/outreach/aop.

by Lori K. Baker | photographs by Jerry Sieve

Water Sportsmen, Hikers and Bird-watchers Delight in Lynx Lake

A PICTURE-POSTCARD PANORAMA awaited me on Lynx Lake's north shore. On a fall afternoon, cumulus clouds drifted lazily over the Bradshaw Mountains' blue silhouette that stretched across the horizon.

A breeze stirred the 55-acre lake, where the sky's reflection rippled into a kaleidoscope of stormy gray, cerulean blue and sunlight gold.

Towering ponderosa and piñon pine trees framed the view, an enticement to venture around this lake 4 miles east of Prescott in the Prescott National Forest.

The 1.25-million-acre national forest lies in a mountainous section of central Arizona, wedged between forested plateaus to the north and cactus-laden desert to the south. Here, one of the most popular recreation spots is Lynx Lake, a playground for hikers, canoeists, fishermen and bird-watchers.

[LEFT] East of Prescott, canoes and rowboats available for rent at the Lynx Store and Marina frame a reflection of Lynx Lake's piney shore. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Late-afternoon light defines the fissured bark and shimmering leaves of cottonwood trees along the lake's eastern edge as shadows drape the distant Bradshaw Mountains.

On the lake's north shore, I peered through binoculars to catch a glimpse of resident birds, including bald eagles and blue herons. I spotted two bald eagle nests perched high atop two ponderosas near the lake's east bank.

Prescott National Forest wildlife biologist Noel Fletcher later told me the eagles put on a grand show between mid-February and mid-March, their mating season. Their cartwheel courtship begins high in the air, with the two birds darting and diving at each other. Next they lock talons and drop in a spinning freefall until they nearly hit the ground, when they separate and fly back up into the heights.

Two mallards' feathers shimmered green as they skimmed the lake, leaving a V-shaped wake in their path. Silent and alone, a blue heron stalked the shoreline in a stately stride, waiting to spot its prey.

As I ventured beyond the north shore, I turned right, heading south, onto Trail 311, a 2-mile loop around the lake that's fragrant with ponderosas and lush in texture. Berries dangle from manzanita bushes' maroon and silver entwined branches, alligator juniper trees wear reptilian bark and woolly mulleins' soft leaves feel like a fuzzy blanket.

I felt my everyday stresses melt along this easy path, which is paved and wheelchair-accessible on the lake's west side. Occasional benches invite hikers to stop, linger and savor the silence, while short side trails lead to fishing spots.

The trail loops to the south end of the lake, a popular picnicking and bank fishing destination, and angles down to the mouth of Lynx Creek, which feeds the lake. Here I could imagine myself on the banks of a jungle stream, lush in willow, Virginia creeper, cattails and tall, swaying grasses. Doves, robins, jays and blackbirds, as well as waterfowl such as grackles, coots and ducks can be spotted here. On this afternoon, a pair of geese trailed ducks on the lake like schoolyard bullies, all the while honking in outbursts that sounded like raucous laughter.

I journeyed south along the east side of the lake, which is closed to hikers from December 1 to June 15 if nesting bald eagles have laid eggs. I passed more bank-fishing spots, where fishermen stood before the lake that glistened like sequins. They patiently waited for a tug on their lines from a rainbow trout, bluegill or bass. I followed a branch of the trail south that angles down next to a dam, which allows slow summer drainage to flow into Lynx Lake.

Returning to the north shore, I once again lingered over the postcard view, a snapshot of man and nature, in perfect harmony. AH

LOCATION: Approximately 4 miles east of Prescott.
GETTING THERE: From Phoenix, travel north on Interstate 17 and take the Cordes Junction exit. Turn left onto State Route 69 and drive west toward Prescott. Turn left onto Walker Road in Prescott and follow signs to the Lynx Lake boat ramp.
TRAVEL ADVISORY: There's a $2 daily parking fee at each Lynx Lake Recreation Area site. One $2 payment allows parking at all Lynx Lake Recreation sites on the same day. For bird-watchers, bald eagles can best be viewed between November and June, and ospreys between March and July.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Prescott National Forest, Bradshaw Ranger District, (928) 443-8000.

Before you go on this hike, visit our Web site at arizonahighways.com for other things to do and places to see in the area.